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A
TERNARY
OF
SATYRS.

CONTAINING,

1. A SATYR *against* MAN. — 1.
2. A SATYR *against* WOMAN. — 16.
3. A SATYR *against* the POPIISH-
CLERGY. ————— 41.

Composed in *French* by an Exquisite Pen,
And now done into *English*.

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TERMINARY

SATYRS

CONTAINING

THE SATYRE AGAINST M. A. M.

THE SATYRE AGAINST WOMAN

THE SATYRE AGAINST POPE

THE SATYRE AGAINST THE

THE SATYRE AGAINST THE

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THE SATYRE AGAINST THE



A
S A T Y R
A G A I N S T
M A N.

O F Creatures all, that fly i'th' Air, or be
Walking on Earth, or swimming in the
Sea,

From *Paris* to *Peru*, *Rome* to *Japan*,

The grand Fop-Animal, methinks, is M A N.

What! Ants, Worms, Rampant Insects (you'll
reply

To me in haste) that live imperfectly,

The bellowing Bull, Goat browsing o'th' young
sprout,

Have much more Wit than Man? Yes, without
doubt.

This, to you Doctor, 's a surprizing thing :
Of the whole World Man is both Lord and
King ;

Woods, Fields, Creatures, were made for's Use
we find ;

His Portion was a Rational Mind.

'Tis true, at first, Reason fell to his Lot,

Thence I conclude Man is the greatest Sort.

These things, you'll say, in a Satyric stile
Will please the Reader, that designs to smile,

But you must prove 't by Rule, Sir. Well, agreed.

Your Answer then, good Doctor, pray proceed.

What's Wisdom? *Æquanimity* by name,

Which nothing can disturb, no Lust enflame,

Which moves in Council at a prouder rate,

Than a Dean mounts the Palace Stairs in state.

Now this calm State is *Wisdom* I confess,

And who, than Man, e're understood it less?

The Ant, who yearly traverseth the Fields,

Hoards Magazines, which *Ceres* Treasure yields ;

And when that *Boreas* brings back the Cold,

Makes Nature, rushing from thick Mists, look

old,

She

She sculks in darkness, but enjoys that while
 The Fruits in Winter of her Summer's toil :
 Yet you ne're find this Creature wavering ,
 Active in Winter, Idle in the Spring ;
 Affront the first Months fury on the Plain ;
 Or lazy when the Ram returns again.
 But Man ne're halts in's mad Career, doth run
 From Thought to Thought, *sans* intermission ;
 'Mongst thousand Broils in's Heart still floating,
 shows

What he would, or would not, he never knows.
 What he to day loves, he to morrow hates.
 For my part I le go wed a Wench that prates ;
 Enur'd t' Affronts, thus frequently I'll show
 'The City's Motto, *Cuckolds all arow*.
 Besides me, Fops enow th' Town-talk, I know,
 Said the dull Marquiss but a Month ago,
 Wh' a Fortnight since the Marriage Snare did
 take,

And summon'd only for Example sake,
 Nay, 'tis his Creed, That God did make a
 Bride

True for him only out of a new Side.
 This is 'right Man, who roves from Black to
 White,

Condemns i'th' Morn his Sentiments last Night :

Importunes all, himself does incommode,
 Changes his Mind as often as his Mode;
 Turns at each gust, and stumbles at a straw;
 For th' Sword to day, to morrow for the Law.
 Survey him in his aery-humor'd strain,
 Lull'd with the fond *Chimera's* of his Brain;
 He's Nature's basis and her sole support,
 The tenth Heaven wheels about, but thank him
 for't:

He's Lord of all the Creatures, you'll reply;
 Who can deny't? possibly that may I.
 But without Trial, in dark Dens who fears
 The Bear? the Traveller, or he the Bears?
 Whether by Edi& made in *Nubia*,
 Can *Smithfield-Lions* scowre *Lybia*.
 This titular Lord who gives them Laws, even he,
 This King of Beasts, how many Kings hath he?
 Ambition, Love, Avarice, Hate, we find
 With slavish fetters do enchain his mind.
 Soft sleeps no sooner do close up his eyes,
 But's time to march, says Avarice, arise;
 Nay, let me take one minutes rest, you'll say.
 The Suns not up, nor Prentice, 'tis not day.
 No matter, rise; for what? when all is done,
 From East to West to plow the Ocean;

Porcelan and Amber seek for at *Japan*,
 At *Goa* Ginger, Pepper too, fond Man!
 I'm rich enough you'll say, this toil i'll pass.
 You cannot Doctor, too much wealth amass.
 You must no perjury, nor Crime forbear;
 Your Lodging must be hard, and hard your
 fare,

Had you more wealth than *Cræsus*, yet ne're crave
 Goods in your House, nor a Domestic Slave.
 On Barly live and Ry, hazard your Throat,
 'Mongst heaps of stores rather than lose a Groat.
 And why (the Reason Sir) live thus and spare?
 That a well educated and brisk Heir,
 Of wealth to you useless may make a gain,
 And the whole Town, in time, cheat with his
 Train.

What then? He must depart; th' wind fills the
 Sails;

If Mony tempts not with its Charms, but fails:
 With a more splendid Train Ambition goes,
 And forcibly ruffles his calm repose;
 Exposes him to danger for a Name,
 Tracing the *Cæsars* steps, but comes off lame:
 And in the Breach rashly with Death beset;
 Does by's fool-hardiness Grace the Gazet:

But:

But some may say, Drol more to purpose; hold,
 This Vice the *Hero's* Virtue was of old:
 Was the *Pellean* youth, think you, too blame;
 Who causelessly all *Asia* set on Flame?
 He, Hairbrain'd, Bloody, did his case bewail,
 And call'd the Conquer'd World his closer
 Jayle.

Storm'd, of a Province small that he should be
 Born King, he might have Govern'd prudently;
 Phancying himself a God, about did rome,
 Like a Bandito, without House, or Home.
 By Horrors of the War attended, he
 Fill'd the whole World with his grand Foppery:
 Happy had been the *Macedonian's* Fate,
 If some small Cottage had been his Estate;
 And by advice of Friends and Tutors, he
 Had bin confin'd there from his Infancy:
 But not to wander with Digression,
 And like *Senault* through all the passions run;
 In Classes them, and Titles to Dispose;
 Then Dogmatize in Verse, and Rime in prose.
 To th' Schools and Lawyers let us leave this
 Art;
 And take a view of Man's most Noble part.
 'Tis said, he only in wall'd Towns lives, who
 Dictates Civility and Manners too;

Makes

Makes Rulers, Magistrates and Kings, we see ;
Obeys the Laws, observes a Politie.

'Tis true ; yet, without Politie or Law,
Or of the Officers standing in aw,
Do you curs'd Wolves in Highways e're
discover

Like Man Inhuman, rifling one another ?
You never saw fierce Tigers, bearing sway,
With Factions divide *Hircania*.

Does the rough Bear in woods war with the
Bear ?

The Vulturs prey on Vulturs in the Air ?
Find you i'th' *Afric* Plains (the Land of wonder)
That Beasts their own Republics rend asunder ?
Lions 'gainst Lions, Sire 'gainst Sire debate,
In the fond Choice of Tyrants to a State ?

Of all Nature e're teem'd, the fiercest Creature
Regards, in his own *Species*, his own Feature ;
Their Rage to one another Moderate,
Live without Noise, Law Suits, Clamor, Debate.

Eagles in Camp, pretending Royal sway,
Ty not an Eagle to th' Appearance day.
No Fox, against a Fox, did e're give fees,
Unto a Lawyer for his stealing Geese.

The Hind in Rutting-time you never saw
The Hart, for's Impotence, accuse at Law.

There are 'mongst them no Placats, nor Requests,
 No Council, nor yet Chamber of Inquests.
 They Live one with another safe and free,
 Under pure Laws of Simple Equity.

By Cut-Throat Man, Self-Murder only is
 A brutish Honour counted : Nor is this
 Sufficient; for he by infernal Aid,
 Sharpned the Murdering Steel, Gunpowder
 made;

And in his Rage, to th' World a fatal Pest,
 VVith puzzling Laws perplexed the Digest,
 Seeking with Glosses to obscure't; thus he,
 VVith heaps of Authors, smother'd Equity.

And to compleat our woes, to *France* did bring
 Haranguing Eloquence, that Irsom thing.

Soft, you will say; what need you thus fly out?
 Man has his Passions beyond all doubt;

And as the Sea ebbs and flows, falls and rises;
 But his mean Virtues ballance all his Vices.

In fine, is it not Man, whose daring Arts
 By th' Compass, measures th' VVorld, and all
 its parts?

VVhose comprehensive Knowledge grasps all
 things?

Knows, risling Nature, whence the first cause
 springs?

Have

Have Animals their Universities ?
 Take they Degrees in the four Faculties ?
 Have they Doctors of Law and Physic, who
 VVear scarlet Robes, and sur'd with Ermins too ?
 No, their Physicians, Poisons ne're impart,
 Made up in Doses by their Murdring Art ;
 Arm'd with vain Arguments, they don't like
 Fools

Grow hoarse with bawling 'mongst them in the
 Schools.

No more ; if ever our weak minds do
 Know any thing they know, or ought e're knew ;
 Tell me, i'th' Age we live in, if you can,
 VVhether by knowledge they do measure Man ?
 VVould you have the Grandees throng to you,
 Son,

The Father said to's Child with tender Down,
 Then take the surest side, throw books away ;
 A hundred Francs at 5 pence, what make they ?
 VVell said, thou knowst, all that is fit I see,
 VVhat Wealth and Honor now will shower on
 thee !

Praïse these Nobler Sciences, my Boy,
 Leave *Plato* off, take the Checquer Employ ;

Seek out what Provinces turn best t' account,
To what th' King's Salt-Gabel does yearly
amount;

Harden thy Heart, turn *Arab*, *Pyrat*, *Jew*,
B'unjust, Oppressive, doubly Faithless too:
Play not the Generous Fop, swell thy Estate
And Fortune, squeezing the Unfortunate;
Cheating *Colbert's* unwary Prudence; try
To merit Fortune by thy Cruelty.

Then thou'lt soon find, the Poets, Orators,
Grammarians, Doctors and Astronomers
Degrade the *Hero's*, to make room for thee,
And their Books swel'd with thy High Titles see.
In *Hebrew*, *Greek* and *Latin* prove, that you
The strength and whole Design of their Art
knew.

Rich! and you'r all; Wise, without Wisdom too;
Learning's your Portion, tho you nothing know.
Y' have Spirit, Soul, Merit, Rank, all that's
Good;

Dignity, Virtue, Valor, Noble Blood:
Belov'd by great ones, cherish'd by the Fair;
To Surintendents all are Debonair.
Gold, Beauty to Deformity doth give;
But all is Dismal, if in want you live.

Thus

Thus th' wary Usurer his Son educates,
 Tracing a facil way to Grand Estates ;
 And oft hits, tho he knows but this, weak brains !
 Five and four's Nine, subtract two, seven remains.
 Now Doctor, read the Bible, till you be
 Pale, mark the shelves out of that dreadful Sea ;
 Of that Divine Book th' holy Horror sound ;
Luther and *Calvin* in one Tract confound ,
 Unravel all the fam'd Debates of old ;
 The *Rabbins* Learn'd Obscurity unfold :
 To th' end a Bible, in *Spanish* Leather bound,
 When y' are well stricken in years, to some
 Renown'd
 Porter, may Dedicate your Work Profound ;
 And for Reward of your Bible-Explanation
 Pay you, with *Thank you Sir*, it'h' Acceptation.
 Or if thy Mind at greater things does aim,
 The *Sorbonists*, the Schools and Cap Disclaim,
 Take up a gainful Trade henceforth, and be
 Prentice t' a Banker or a Notary :
 Then leave *Aquinas* to agree with *Scot*,
 And yield-with me, A Doctor's but a *Sot*.
 A Doctor ? no, a Poet you'll reply ;
 You force your rash Muse there to soar too
 high :

But not to talk away time out of season,
 Come to the Test; is't not Man that has Reason?
 Is't not his Light? his faithful Pilot too?
 Yes; but pray to what purposes say you;
 When they to faithless Winds entrust them-
 selves,

Having in view nothing but Rocks and shelves,
 What boots it C — if reason oft do Cry,
 Leave Scribbling, Cure thy Rhyming Malady;
 If all this good Advice won't make him cease,
 But's Ballad-fury still the more increase;
 His Verse daily with noise he does recite,
 And puts Relations, Neighbours, Friends to
 flight.

For when his *Dæmon* moves him, then 'tis said,
 All persons leave him, but his Kitching Maid.
 An Ass, by Nature taught, obeys, poor thing!
 It's leading Instinct, without murmuring;
 Nor does, with his harsh voice, the Birds defy,
 To sing in Consort with him; foolishly
 He, without reason, marches on his way;
 But Man enlightned by't, 's blind at noon
 day:

Rul'd by himself, does all at Counter-season,
 In what he does has neither sence nor Reason.

Things please and displease him, oblige and mad,

He without Reason is both brisk and sad;
His mind does love, avoid, pursue by chance,
Doe, undoe, add, deprive, destroy, advance.

And do you find like him Panther or Bear,
Themselves with their own Phancies idly scare?

With Aery Fantômes combat th' appetite,
And with vain Contests disappoint Delight?

Tell me, did Man e're know the Beasts unwise,
Sacrifice to him, or him Idolize?

Approach him, like th' Winds or Times Deity,
Beg weather fair or foul with bended knee?

No: but Beasts oft see th' Hypochondriack
Man worship metal, he himself did make;
See th' Country, where faint-hearted Mortals
doe

Tremble at a Monkey's foot and Altar too;
And those weak People, bordering on the Nile,
Offer up Incense to the Crocodile.

But why, say you, this Example odious?
Ægypt, and her false Gods, what's that to us?

You'll prove by this prophane Discourse alas,
Good Doctor, Man's inferior to an Ass.

A Creature that's the scoff of all the rest,
Subject to thousand woes, a stupid Beast,

Whose

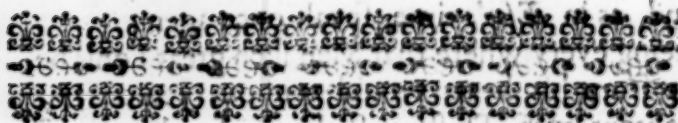
Whose only Name will set a Satyr off :
Yes t' an Als, what is't makes us at him scoff
And flout ? but if that him we would permit ,
On our Defaults to exercise his Wit ;
Or to Reform us, if kind Heaven would grant
The use of speech at length, he now does want,
'That he his mind might freely utter , pray
What, betwixt you and I, would he not say ?
What can he think, when 'mongst the Rabble
Rout

In a *Parisian* street he stares about ,
And sees Phantastic Men in their Array ;
Some daub'd with lace, some cloth'd in Black,
some Gray ?

What says he, when h' an Assassin does find
Gallop to's Patient carrying Death behind ?
When 'fore a Rector a rude Squadron's found ,
Marching in state with Beadles circled round ?
Or does the Sherif in a huge Crowd spy ,
In Ceremonious state lead Men to dye ?
What thinks he of us , when on a Court-day
He to the Palace takes by chance his way ,
And afar off hears a damn'd, knavish Fellow,
Just like a Fury, in the Great Hall bellow ?
What says he, when he sees the Officers,
Judges, Clerks, Proctors, Ushers, Registers ?

O' if the Aſs ſhould turn Manhater then,
And, as in *Æſop's* time, ſpeak once agen;
Seeing every where that Men ſuch great Fools be,
He from his heart would without Jealouſy,
Content with Thiftles, ſhake his head, and cry,
'Faith, Man is but a Beaſt, as well as I.

F I N I S.



A

SATYR

AGAINST

WOMAN.

IN this declining Age I'm bold to say;
 Man is compos'd of a less Noble Clay,
 Then heretofore; Nature does clog the
 "Earth

With a degenerated, and sordid Birth:
 Thrusts Men Dough-bak'd into the World; dull
 Clods?

Who want a Fire from the inspiring Gods.

To

To Actuate their Souls, that they may be,
Men unconfin'd, and, like the Air, free.
By their Base Condescention Females sway
Who were by Nature Destin'd to Obey;
For Woman in this Foppish Age and Nation,
Like *Adam*, Lords it o're the whole Creation;
Nay she does more, than *Adam* e're cou'd doe,
She names the Beasts, and sometimes makes them
(too.

Yet Man this Thing first Weds, then bears it h
Van

The Turkish Ensign, th'o' a Christian.
How shamefully dos Man on Woman dote?
The Breeches warp unto the Petticote?
'Tis strange, methinks, and yet t'is True, that we
Should live in this Decrepit Age, to see
The Pike and Pen, do Homage to the Spindle;
'T would vex a Royal Spleen, a Passion kinde
Within a *Stoic's* Brest, that o're Man She
Should claim Imperiously Supremacie.
A Faithles, Soules, Senseles; Puny Chit,
Neither endow'd with Reason, nor with Wit;
A mere Bagatel, a Childish Toy,
At best a Bardless, Sex-distinguish'd Boy;

A well-complexion'd Fury, Seeming Saint,
 Only made up of Powder, Patch and Paint;
 A Fair-soul-fiend, whose Fascinating Ey,
 Basilisk like, darts poison, til they dy,
 Who are her Objects; murders by whole-sale,
 As if she scorn'd to Slaughter by Retail:
 Natur's Disgraceful By blow, Blush and Shame,
 A Peevish, Idle, Gossiping, Proud Dame;
 Who in her best of humors (no one doubts)
 Is troubled with the Tatles, or the Pouts;
 Whose Wind-mil pated Clack does far out run
 The rapid Motion of the posting Sun.

VVhen Meagre Death strikes with his Fatal
 Dart

Males, the last Member dying is the Heart.
 But when the Females, whether Old or Yong,
 Then the last Member dying is the Tong.
 Antient Philosophie denied the Notion,
 (Modern finds tru) of a Perpetual Motion;
 'Tis strange to me; when the wise *Greek* of
 old,
 Had his *Xantippe*, that Notorious Scold,
 VVhose A'pen leav'd Tong never could stand
 still;
 Nay she (resolv'd in all to have her will;)

VVhen

VWhen he to shun her Clamor out did fly,
Bedew'd his Hairy Scalp with Chamber-ly;
VWhat said the Good Man t'ot? why, tis no

VVonder,
I did expect a storm after such Thunder:
It's Cradled Infancy of Childish Time,
VWhen th' unborn Man, Created in his Prime,
Govern'd the World, then Peopled but with two,
And *Eden* their Apartment was, He, who
A Tenure had given by Heaven in Fee;
T' him and his Heirs of Immortality,
And the whole World his own Real Estate;
As much as Avarice could crave; sad Fate!
To Forfeit Life, Real Estate, and all,
Through *Eve's* Temptation, by a Curfed Fall.
VWhich cripled his Posterity e're since,
And made him Delve, who first was made a
Prince.

If the Pure state of Perfect Innocence
Brought forth bad actions, we must now dispense
VWith worse, or fear them, and so guard our
selves;
From the sly Craft of these Bewitching Elves,
Six Thousand years Experience, litle les;
Must crown their Malice with desir'd Succes.

Then:

Then for the future, who will e're believe
 This Female Brat of Apple-eating Eve?
 A Craggy Cheat, Decoy, a mere Trepan,
 A Rattle to disturb the Quiet Man;
 A Painted Tomb, that entertains within,
 No other Guests but Rottenness and Sin;
 Whose soul's Benegro'd black as He, at best,
 Who wears Natur's dark Sables in the West:
 The enstain'd Man of Dazzle, whom we see
 Patience, Proverbial, Wealth and Poverty,
 Whose Fertile Fields, Treasure, Castle and
 Stores
 At first were numerous, as at last his Sores,
 Whose Riches, as Approved Authors grant,
 Could not be match'd with Opulent Lazzards;
 When he had lost his Wife, Flocks and Lands,
 Rob'd of his Camels by Chaldean Bands,
 Depriv'd of all but his most Wretched Life,
 Tormenting Satan, and a Tempting Wife:
 The Jailor of th' Infernal Abys gains
 Leave, by Divine Permission, with Sore Pains
 To afflict the Good Man, who lays his damn'd
 Clutch
 Upon his Body, and with one foul Touch,
 His Blood Ferments, Ebulliates through his Pores
 And fills him Cap-a-pie with filthy sores.

Now

VWho thus deprived of her *Dearest* all,
 VVith rivulets of tears laments his Fall.
 A Souldier, guard t' a Rogue (whose Villany
 Hang'd him upon a Gibbet fix'd hard by)
 On no less Penalty than Death, should he
 Be by his Friends stolen from the Fatal Tree,
 Boldly with his strict orders dos dispence,
 And, in the Night silently steals from thence;
 By a Taper's glim'ring Light led to a Vault,
 Where, at his first approach, he made an Halt.
 Spying a Lady overwhelm'd with Grief,
 He thought, in Charity, wanted Relief;
 She first assaults him; Spectre, Ghost, discover
 What thou dar'st say to a Distressed Lover!
 But to Weak Nature forced to submit,
 Through Faintness, falls into a Swooning Fit;
 Startled, and at a los, he hastes in fine,
 To his ful Jug of Ammunition-wine,
 Gives her a mod'rat Portion, which it's close;
 Prov'd a Restorative and Cordial Dose,
 Reviving Natur's stifled heat; so She
 Recover'd soon of her Lipothymie,
 And then he, Soldier like, Banquets her there
 What some repeated Draughts, and Knap-sack-
 fare.

To find Humanity lap'd up in Buf
Was a strong Obligation, and enuf
To sway with her, whom Grief did so Perplex,
(Besides the weakness of her weaker Sex)
And that from an unknown Physician, who
Prov'd both her *Mars*, and her *Apollo* too,
Now she Caresses, Kisses, yields to that,
Which my Muse blusheth at, I know not
what.

And this the Proverb verifies, *In Love*
Nothing that's Violent can Lasting Prove.
She, fir'd with her new Love beyond Degree,
Her old Love's Grave their Brothel-House must
be,

Defiles her Husbands Ashes, False! Unjust!
Makes his Dead Corps Pimp to her filthy Lust;
This is not half the Tragi Comedie,
The last Act shows her Matchles Constancie.
But now the Soldier to his Charge returns,
And finds the Body lost: O how he burns
With Rage and Indignation, Fomes and Rores,
Just like the wounded *Erymanthian* Bores!
Runs, Madman like, back to his *Gracian* Dame,
And does 'gainst Her, and the whole Sex
Exclame,

Raves, like a Fiend Infernal, and does tear
The unbought Locks of his Course Stragling
Hair;

Curse Fate, Fortune, Destiny, and She
That was his Grave-Companion, Desprately;
Who bears these Outrages, continues Calm,
And strokes his Wainscote-Cheeks with Snowy
Palm,

By Woman-Craft persuades him all is wel,
Or shall be, e're they quit that Dismal Cel;
Patience, she cries, let me alone to shift,
A Woman's Wit is best at a Dead List:
Know Man of War, 'tis usually said,
A Live-dog's better than a Lion Dead.
Thus she Advises: see the Pregnancie
Of Female Wis, in Plotting Vilany.
There is but one Expedient for you,
(That must be done with Expedition too)
To escape the Ignominious Destiny
Of b' Criminal stolen from the Gallow-tree;
Haste then, for fear the prying Sun descry
The Female Cheat, with his All-seeing Eye;
The Stately Mausolea of Proud Kings,
The Noble structures, are but empty things,
Subject to Time and Fate, waste and decline,
Like the Vind'd Ashes, which they do Enshrine.

The

The Tartars hang their Dead upon a Tree,
 In Imitation of them, so will We.
 From Earth to Air remove him, I Consent;
 The Air's a far more cleanly Element:
 Break up the Tomb, the Corps uncoffin straight,
 Since 'tis Decreed so by Compulsive Fate;
 The best of Mortals, and of Noblest Birth,
 When Dead, is but a Lump of senseless Earth.
 Friendship and Love determin in the Grave,
 All but Surviving Charity to Save
 The Living by the Relicks of the Dead:
 My Life's wrap'd up in thine, that Forfeted,
 My Dearest Maie, I'm utterly undon;
 But that Secur'd, two are Preserv'd in one.
 With Posthumous Respects, and Reverence
 To the consuming Body, I'll Dispende,
 Of my Deceased Husband, to the end,
 I may Enjoy my Living, Loving Friend.
 Come, wee'l his Face with Dirt and Blood besmear,
 And by this Artifice deceive his near
 Friends and Relations; this Disguize will do't
 Effectually, with Death's Disguize to boot;
 Wee'l also break his Arms and Legs, that we
 May bid Defiance to Discovery,
 And he way, in the general, common Vogue,
 Want no Marks of Resemblance in the Rogue.

If bold Offenders dare thus (as you see)
 By an unheard of Crime, Tomb-Burglary,
 Violat Tombs, and their dead Guests deface,
 How can the Grave be Term'd a *Resting place*?
 This she propos'd; and Joyntly he and she
 Trus'd up her Husband, lest him there to be
 A Spectacle to all that go, or come,
 Of Widow'd Love the swinging Pendulum.
 This Am'rous Trick being play'd, they Trudge
 away

To his Obscure Quarters (for Delay
 Breeds Danger) to Consult there and Advise
 About their safety, fearless of surprise,
 And to Enjoy in that Poor Hovel'd state
 The Foul Embraces of their hasty Fate,
 Melting in Lust, till that, each Morn the Sun
 Spy *Mars* and *Venus* in Conjunction.

Exit *Ephesian*, Enter on the Stage
Cimmerian Lady, (Wonders of their Age)
 Each prov'd a Wealthy, Witty, Pretty Bride,
 And faith, tis pity, something ell beside.
 A Brace of Bucsom Wives, Bonny and Blithe,
 Whole Acts, as long as Time does bear a Scythe,
 Or Death a Dart, ne'r shall, by my Consent,
 Want, to their shame, a Lasting Monument.

Both

Both were Intrigu'd in Love at the first sight,
 And with a privat Sentinel, in spight
 Of Fate and Fortune, so that we may grant,
Venus will still cleave to her Old Gallant.
 On the *Gimmerian* Confines liv'd, of late,
 A Gentlewoman of a Vast Estate,
 Of shape far more Exact in every Part,
 Than Statu form'd by Fam'd *Alberti's* Art :
 Of Features, much more sweet and Delicate,
 Than was the *Paphian* Queen; Immaculate,
 As Clear at first in Reputation
 As th' Hunting Goddess was; and VVife to
 one
 By Usury Rich; by Riches Eminent,
 VVith him Enjoy'd the Pleasures and Content
 Of Conjugal Fidelity and Love,
 And scorn'd the Lewd Caresses of a *Jove* :
 But ah! how subject unto Change we find
 The Mutable Affections of the Mind!
 For she that so Obsequious and Chaste,
 To her Dear Consort was, longs now to Taste
 Of the Forbidden Fruit, by Lust being Led,
 And Hurried on, Nauseat's the Marriage-Bed.
 For she by chance darting a wanton Look
 At a young Soldier bathing in a Brook,

VVeapon'd

Weapon'd she thought with an Impetuous Nerve,
That scorn'd a Disappointment, fit to Serve
In *Venus* Wars, a Proper, Lusty Stallion,
Tho in good sooth, a poor Tatterdemallion ;
At which the Winged Bow-boy draws his Dart,
And with a Golden Shaft, soon Wounds her
Heart.

The Husband at her Coldness did Admire,
And sudden Change ; but mildly did Inquire
Into the Cause ; she, like a Crafty Dame,
Dissembled, and Conceal'd from him her Flame,
With showers of Tears endeavouring to suppress
Love's Calenture, but all without Success,
All his Endearments proved but in vain,
And Courtship did but heighten her Disdain :
This Gloomy Humour made her lose the Grace,
And Charming Air of her Admir'd Face ;
The Roses in her Cheeks and Colour dyes,
This dul'd the Lustre of her Sparkling Eyes :
Add to these Dreadful Symptoms, Restless Nights,
Broken Discourses, Shunning of Delights,
Her Love of Solitude, sudden Startings too,
And forced Sighs, with swooning Fits, that doe
Waste and Consume the Spirits, Health Decay,
And Wounded Hearts, spite of themselves
Betray.

Thus

Thus scorch'd with Love no wonder if that
He

Became Confirmed in his Jealousy,
Which from her he obscur'd, as well as she
Conceal'd her Love from him, most subtilly;
But to Resist Love is as hard a Task,
As 'tis that Passion to Disguize, or Mask;
Th' Impatient Matron now her Art will try,
She must Enjoy her Paramour, or Dy.
Thus without farther Council, or Delay,
Being Wing'd with Love, she nimbly trips away
T' a *Messagieur d' Amour*, so cal'd abroad;
But in Plain, Honest, Downright English, *Bawd*;
And soon Engageth her by Silver-Charms,
To go Ambassadress to th' Man of Arms,
And Treat with him concerning a Firm Ligue
Of Love, a Pretty Amorous Intrigue;
And that a privat Interview might be,
Upon the first fair Opportunity.

The Blunt, Rough, Son of *Mars* did soon
Assent

To this Proposal without Compliment.
The watchful Usurer depriv'd of Rest,
His Discomposed Phancie did suggest
Thousands of Plots and Stratagems of Wir,
And this most hopeful, as he thinks, may Hit
He

He instantly does preparation make
 For a Long Journey, he pretends to take,
 And at the sad Farewel both seem to grieve;
 His Dear *Fideffa*, as you may beleive,
 Counterfeits Sorrow too, with feigned Fears,
 Of his Mishap, and Artificial Tears,
 Moistens her parting Kisses; but when he
 Departed (e're *Aurora* blush'd) then she
 Thought now, that the Propitious time drew
 near,
 Wherein she might Enjoy her Dearest Dear;
 So that with Lust Enflam'd, and all on fire
 To Crown with solid Pleasures her Desire,
 Her Running Quean she does Commisfonate,
 T' acquaint her Lover with the Fortunate
 Departure of her Husband, and that he
 Might meet with Freedom, and security.
 Straight was the Message by this Hackny-Jade
 Deliver'd, and an Assignment made,
 That when Tir'd *Sol* had run his full Career,
 And's Empire in the upper Hemisphere
 Resign'd to Night, he at a Postern might
 Have free Admission to his stolen Delight;
 And lest through too much Zeal her Lover's
 Flame
 Might cool at first, she, like a Prudent Dame,
 Prepar'd

Prepar'd a Rich Collation, Generous Wine,
Conserves, Provocatives, a Good Design
To carry on the work: Nay farther she
Contriv'd the whole Affair so Craftily;
And sent her Chamber-Maid (the only Spy
Appointed o're her, through the Jealousy,
Of her Fond Husband) to a Wedding, there
Presuming, that the Wench would have a
share

In throwing of the Stocking at the Bride,
And several other pretty Tricks beside,
Which would retard her sudden coming home.
At length th' appointed Hour being come,
The Punctual Soldier, directed before,
Advanceth silently to the Back-door:
But finding it close shut, he straightway fel
To th' posture of a Careful Sentinel:
Her Husband no les Vigilant, who lay
At a Friend's House Conceal'd, return'd this way,
And spy'd the Night-walker, but silently
Enters the House, and does as soon espy
His Wife in a most Rich, Night-Linnen-Dress,
At which the wit of Man cannot expres
How he inflam'd with Rage about did Glare,
And just, like *Cæsar's* Ghost, on *Brutus* Stare.

But entering her Bed-Chamber there does find
 (Enuf to Discompose a Quiet Mind,) *Enuf*
 The Dressing-Table with Delicats new spread,
 Clean Sheets, and Perfum'd Pillows on the
 Bed;

Enrag'd he without uttering one word
 Strips her stark naked, (which must needs afford
 A Pleasant Sight, to see her Snow-white Skin;
 Had any other there Spectators bin)

And carrying her down to the Porch, we find,
 He did her Arms unto a Pillar bind:

So in this Posture, you might truly say,
 That you did see the Fair *Andromeda*,

A second time to a Rock Naked Chain'd,
 Where she *per* force contentedly remain'd,

Worthy another *Penfeus* for to free
 (Love and Enjoy) her from that Tyranny.

With passion Drunk th' Us'rer to bed doth reel,
 Whilst in the int'rim our Man of Steel,

He, Soldier-like, perdu ith' open Air
 In great Distraction, and as great Despair;

Belated and Benighted walks alone,
 And does his Hopes thus Frustrated Bemoane,

Until he heard the Dolsom Midnight Chime,
 In Expectation of th' Appointed Time;

Watching,

Watching, as fast shut up, the Lady's Door,
As *James Temple* in the Days of yore,
And times of Peace, at length he march'd away
To his she-Officer, Tir'd with Delay
And puts up his Complaint to Her, which
she

No sooner heard; but starts up instantly,
Covers with a loose Vest her Aged frame,
And Trots with him to the *Italian Dame*.
Arriv'd she bids him wait, not draw too near,
'Til she Inform'd him that the Coast was Clear;
No sooner Entered, but as soon Amaz'd,
She frighted, on the Living Scatuz'd;
Recover'd of her Consternation,
The Message was deliver'd, whereupon
The Lady finding that the Chains of Love,
To her did more Intolerable prove,
Then those of Jealousy, endow'd with Wit
Inferior to her Beauty not a whit;
Wheedles this Engineer of Lust, the old,
To disengage her Arms from the too Cold
Embraces of the Pillar; then Assails
The Easy Bawd, and she as soon prevails
In her place to be bound, only while she,
To give Assurance of her Constancy,

Hastens to her Gallant ; a Daring Deed !
 For one so late Surpriz'd, so lately Freed ;
 Nay not yet freed, from future Afterclaps
 Of Torments, nay of Death it self, perhaps ;
 Rashly to throw her self without Demur
 Into the Arms of her Adulterer ,
 And Destiny it self Force to give way ,
 To her desir'd Lust without Delay.
 The first Banquet of Kisses o're, then he
 Did his Devoir to her effectually ,
Sans Compliment ; for verily he wou'd
 Her good opinion of his parts as Good.
 The poor *Cornuto*, now without Offence ,
 I think, we may him call, having his sence
 Lok'd up with Sleep, that Dream'd, with strange
 Surprise
 He saw his Wife her Honor Sacrifice ,
 Himself turn'd shaggy Saryr too, whilst he,
 Reveng'd the Contumelious Injury.
 Th' enrag'd *Malbecco* leaps out of his Bed,
 Runs to the Window, with an Aking Head ,
 Calls on his Consort, whose Secur'd Bail
 Hear'd all, and Trembled for to hear him Rail ;
 And all the while, Poor Wretch, as silent was ,
 As the Mute Pupils of *Pythagoras* ,

During their first Novitiat; but he
 Enrag'd at this Contempt most furiously
 Snatch'd up a Razor, and away does fly
 It'h' very Face of his Wife's Deputy,
 And with a single, and well guided Slash
 Cuts off her Nose, and leaves a Fatal Gash;
 But the now Noselels Bawd still underwent,
 VVith more then *Spartan* Patience and Content
 These Torments, with a Courage Brave and
 Bold.

The Nose Schismatical was scarcely cold;
 When his *Fauslina*, sore against his will,
 Had finished her first Trial of Skil
 VVith her stout Gladiator, and, Dear Hearr,
 Did from him with a thousand Kisses Part.
 Return'd, she understood how Matters went,
 And her Affliction highly did Resent,
 Endeavor'd with soft Language to Assuage
 Her Grief, and did by promises Engage,
 To get her made, let Fortune do her worst,
 A Nose of better Metal then the first.
 This Mollified the Bawd, expeld her Fears,
 VVho would have sold for Money Eyes, and
 Ears,
 Into the Bargain. Thus the Bawd at last
 Loos'd from the Pillar, bound the Matron fast,
 (And

(And to a Surgeon straight away she goes
 With the Remainder of her Mangled Nose)
 She both a Woman, and in Love, in fine
 Does thus Contrive her Fortunate Design,
 Counterfets an Appeal unto the Moon,
 For her Protection and Redress, as soon,
 As she did clear and visible appear
 Above the verge of our Hemisphere,
 She invocats her Help, and makes her Mone,
 By Supplication, in a Whining Tone,
 Mixt with a Sigh, or two; and then she feigns
 A Dialogue with *Phæbe*, and Complains,
 With Elevated voice, as if that she
 Had Heard her Prayer 'gainst his Tyranny,
 This sad Harangue soon reach'd the Cuckold's
 Ears,

Alarm'd all his Faculties, with Fears
 And Grief Perplexed, suddenly he rose
 View'd his Wife's Face, look'd for her Mangled
 Nose,

But found all perfect, knew this could not be,
 But by the Power of some Deity;
 Having Committed such a Bloody Act,
 He sunk down at the Horror of the Fact,
 Began to beg Pardon first of Heaven, then his Wife;
 With Promises of a Reformed Life,

(Too

(Too wise to be Inexorable) she
 Like a Good Soul grants it most Graciously.
 Then he her Liberty does streight restore,
 With Solemn Vows ne'r to afflict her more.
 Kis'd her all o're, and now to Bed they're gone
 To Seal this Reconciliation.
 'The Witty Matron, bles'd be th' God of Love,
 A Pattern of Pure Charity did prove
 Thus she recover'd three things in the close,
 Her Husband's Love, her Honour, and her Nose.
 Thus the *Cimmerian* Dame came off with store
 Of Wit: I've done, read but one Story more.
 • The *Roman* Matron, that Salacious Dame,
 (Who Burn'd with Inextinguishable Flame)
 T'Allay her Lust, *Incognita*, did use
 For to frequent i'th' Night the Common Stews,
 And Challenge the best metald Stoutest Crack,
 That in Bed-skuffles e're knew strength of Back,
 To a Venereal Skirmish of them two,
 In their Repeated Lust, which should outdo.
 The Match thus Fairly made, to work they go,
 And grapple with the Amicable Fo:
 But it fel out, that the whole Remnant-store
 Of Stock exhausted was, (who long before
 As common as a Barber's Chair had been,
 No sooner one out, but another in)

Flags in the Hot Pursuit, does fairly yield,
And slyly without Murm'ring quits the Field.
But now the Royal Harlot, who held out
Twice twelve Rencontres, and a single Bout,
Like an Imperial Whore, at last she cry'd,
I'm tir'd with Men, but yet not satisf'd.
The Bearded Shaggy Brute, that's known to be
Proverbial for his Stench and Leachery,
Had he but Speech and Reason would Exclaim
Against such Matchless Lust, and Blush for Shame.
To prove that Woman's but a waggish slave,
Whose Womb's insatiable, like the Grave;
A Jointed Baby, made up of fine Dust,
Who rather than once Disappoint her Lust,
Her Body Basely will expose to Sale,
And, like a wanton Cat, play with her Tail.
Read this old Fable, call it what you wil,
The Moral Application holds good stil.
The Thunderer once, at a Noble Treat,
Resolv'd to make his Jollity Compleat,
And steep all Cares in Nectar, which did Swim
In Goblets, till the Foam 'orelook'd the Brim;
He in the Heat of Healths, and Raillerie,
Does Briskly thus Accost his Queen, say's He,
In short, great Consort, this is the Debate,
In Am'rous Sports, VWoman's Insatiate,

Has

Has the most Ravishing, and heightned Pleasure,
Is Lecherous it'h Act beyond all measure :
This she denys. *Tiresias*, who had Tri'd,
Both the Delights of Bridegroom, and of Bride,
Must end the Difference, who once did find
Two close Engendring Serpents, and unbind
Their Coilings with one single stroke Strange
Fate !

And so the Man became a Woman straight.
Seven Winters thus he liv'd and pas'd complete,
But in the Eighth the same he did remeet,
And said, if you can change Man's Nature so,
I will Experiment the other Blo,
Then strook, away they ran, and as soon then
Was Metamorphos'd to a Man agen.
He, chosen to Decide the Difference,
Confirms *Jove's* words, which highly did Incense
The Angry *Juno*, who to wreak her spight,
Muffled his Eys in one Eternal Night.
The God, who, what was done, could not Undoe,
His Intellect with Fates that should ensue
Inspir'd, and did Gratefully supply,
His Bodies Ey-sight with a Mental Ey.
But soft, my Muse, why so Unnatural,
Thus to Requite your Mother's Milk with Gal

And that weak, Tender Sex with Crimes o'reload:
 Wel ! since 'tis so, I'll sing a Palinode.
 Woman is Staid, yes if Confin'd at Home,
 There, or elsewhere, her Mind does ever Rome.
 She's Chast, and deserves to be Chac'd, 'tis Tru,
 Quite through the City, if she had her Due.
 She's Constant, that's allow'd, but how ! you see,
 She's only Constant in Inconstancie.
 She's Patient too, and yet (observe withal)
 She has not Phlegm enough t' Allay her Gall.
 She's Beautiful, there you have hit it, so
Sodom's fair Apples make a Glorious Sho,
 And Tempt the Ey to Gaze, but touch'd, I fear,
 Nothing but Rottennes will then appear;
 She's Witty, Ay ! a most Prodigious Wit,
 That Plots more Mischief then a *Jesuit*.
 She's Politic, therein she does Excel
 The Florentin, *Pope*, Belzebub, and Hel,
 She is a Helper too ; who in Conclusion,
 Help'd all Mankind unto their own Confusion.
 Ih fine, I Think she's now well understood,
 She's all, she's any thing, but what is Good.
 To her own Sex Deceitful ; Tru to none,
 What, neither Man nor Woman ? no, not one.
 Barb'rous to Foes, Injurious to her Friend ;
 Most False to all Mankind, and ther's an *END*.



A
 SATYR
 AGAINST THE
 Popish-Clergy.

What *Chaos* is it? What Extrava-
 gance
 Does Discompose the Spirit of our
France?
 What Hellish Fiend, 'mongst us such Change
 hath sent,
 And Novelty in all our Government?

42 *A SATYR against the*

We Nullify, Establiſh, Make, Unmake ;
 Nothing's Intire, what e're we undertake ;
 Retrench, and then Refaint our Saints, Fine Sport !
 We Plead ith' Hall, and Feaſt it at the Court :
 The Reformation Reform'd ſhould be,
 The Antient Laws and ours Diſagree ,
 So Chang'd in Form, they are not underſtood ,
 O, that the Clergie too Reform they wou'd !
 That them of half their Tithes they'd Diſpoſſeſſe,
 Then Reformation would Great Crimes Redreſſe,
 Their Large Revenues Souls deſtroy good ſtore,
 And the Rich Priests Complain ſtil, they are
 Poor.

Why ſhould they who th' Apoſtles Imitate ,
 Then other Men have ten times more Eſtate ?
 We ought to Regulat this Enormity ,
 And Teach our Priests to Live more ſparingly.
 Miters and Croſiers only we do meet ,
 Ratling in ſtately Coaches through the ſtreet.
 They, on a Solemn Day, forget, alas !
 That God himſelf rood Meekly on an Aſs !
 They talk of *France* and her great Taxes blame,
 Which the World Murmur's at, and Cries out
 ſhame ;

They are no Grievance, if you them Compare
 With the bad Laws by Priests made ev'ry where.

All

All People are Church-Dettors born, and you
 Must pay for Christning, and for Burial too.
 With one Fatal Accord all Priests alive,
 In fine, by Life and Death know how to thrive.
 A Good state, that affords a Lively-hood
 By Muttering o're four Leaves ununderstood,
 And Mumbling Prayers three, or four a day,
 Thereby their Household Charges doe Defray.
 What a Good Breviary have we then?
 A Priest is stil the Happiest of Men.
 Marry! a License must be bought for you;
 Pay for them; and the Priest will sel you two.
 One Mite short, and you'r Disappointed, see,
 If this be not, what's a Monopolie?
 Which some at *Paris*, of the Holy Fry
 On this Grand Sacrament put Injurioufly.
 Wil you the Tenor have Rung out by us?
 One of those Harpies will Accost you thus.
 Never Monopolie to this Pitch came;
 You, that are Ringers, don't you Blush for Shame?
 How these Imposts disgrace you! and may wel,
 To make us pay for the sound of a Bel.
 Then all Ring out, and for 5 French Crowns you
 Shall have them Ring, and Ring the longer too;
 A Base, Inhuman Sexton, t' whom you can
 Wish no wors Plague, then see a Living Man;

Th' Il-boding Raven on the Ded do's Prey,
And Buys, and Sels Graves in a Trading way;
Chooſe out your ground for Burial, he'll ſay;
The nearer to the Quire, the more you Pay:
So much for Ground, and the High Altar; who
Did ſuch an Impoſition ever kno?
And what's to Natur's Law more Oppoſit,
Then Sel to th' Ded their own Sepulchral Right?
I willingly with other Vails Diſpence,
Whereby Cloſeſt Priests ſcrape up the Pence.
I am a *Papiſt*, and ha' no Deſigne
Their Livesto Censure, who ſhould Censure mine:
They've Reaſon, I believe, for what they doe,
And all their Patrons Work ſtrange Cures too.
They with Wax Tapers each Diſeaſe can Cure,
If made of Virgin-wax, you may be ſure;
He that's Uncur'd, 'tis, 'cauſe his Faith's but ſmall,
But I, becauſe I ſee't, believe it all,
Into thoſe Myſteries Il' never Pry,
My Prieſt himſelf ſays it, and ſo muſt I.
I've Faith; if he does Il, on his own Hed
'Twil fall; But Buying Licenſes I Dred;
And that Church-ornaments for Sacred Uſe,
Should, like Shop.wares, be Rated, Grand Abufe!
If, at your Funeral, you'l the Richeſt have;
For ſuch an Ornament ſo much they Crave:

If Silver Utensils; The Officer
Asks, whether great, or small you do Prefer?
The Price is different; so much 'twil Cost,
Bring Ready Money, or your Labor's lost.
Church-men ne're Trust a Mite, but at you spurn,
If poor the wooden Cross must serve your Turn.
But hold your peace, 'tis very Dangerous
To talk of Priests, and talk Il of them thus:
They'r no fit Subject for Satyric Style,
Musc, find som other out, to make thee Smile.

F I N I S.
